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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS——

"THERE, YOU BAD, WICKED BEEF TRUST! TAKE THAT!!"

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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

AS YET the date has not been set for Vice-President Fairbanks' trip in *The Plunger*.

A SHORTAGE in chorus girls is reported. Otherwise this year's peach crop did fairly well.

"RUSSIA HAS saved her face." True. But the part which was turned towards the Japs in Manchuria did not fare so well.

IF, AS SUSPECTED, there are grafters at work in the Forestry Bureau, the government should be extremely careful how it sends them "back to the woods."

SENATOR INGALLS said, "Opportunity knocks unbidden once at every gate," but Chicago waits for no knock.—*The World Today.*

Yet she gets several while she waits.

THE *Medical Journal* inquires whether a doctor can know too much. There is, of course, the possibility that too much knowledge might conflict with his guessing capacity.

SEVEN HUNDRED and seventy million postal cards were mailed in the United States last year. Every postmistress will wonder what was on the ones she did n't get a chance to read.

THE CONTINUOUS trolley line between Chicago and New York, all the gaps of which will be closed by June next, may suggest to Mayor Dunne a vast and dazzling scheme of Inter-Municipal Ownership.

PEARY'S "LAST MESSAGE" has been received, and we shan't hear from him again until his lecture placards are hung out.

PANAMA'S police force may be drilled by a New York cop. We imagine it will be some years, however, before they need a Traffic Squad down there.

THE AIRSHIP is superseding the automobile as nature's check on the earth's population. It is a little slower than the auto, as the aeronaut never falls on anybody.

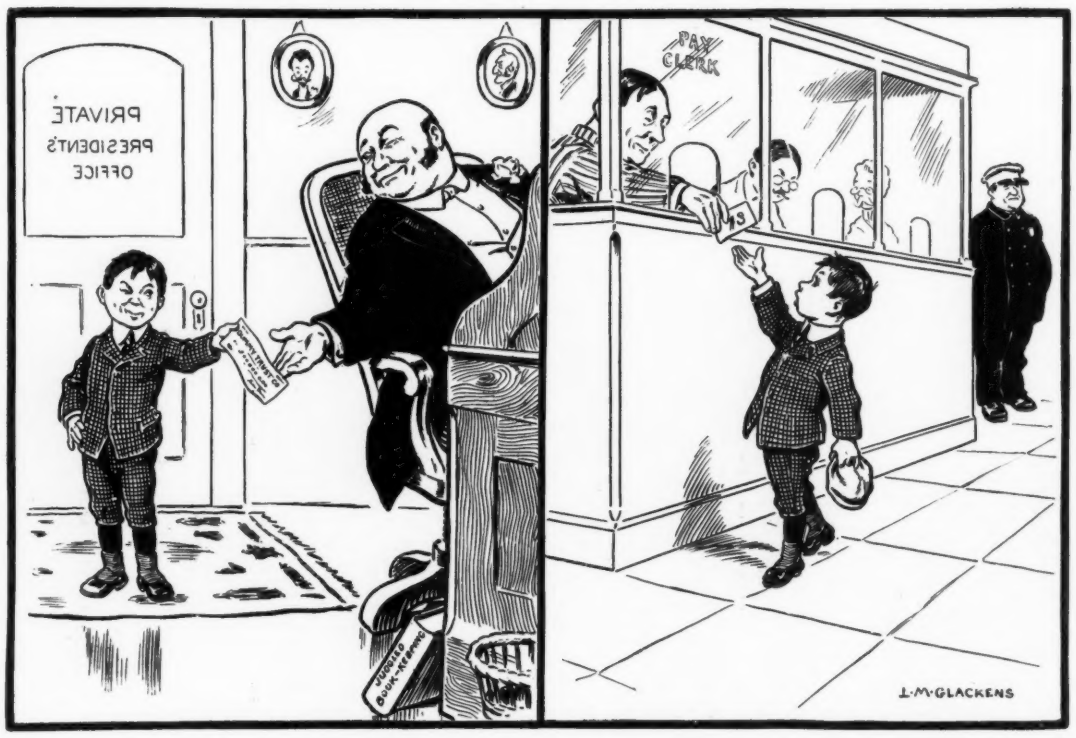
I LOVE MY fellow man. I take a great interest in him.
—*John D. Rockefeller.*

And, occasionally, take one *from* him.

DR. MACARTHUR alleges that Mr. Rockefeller has actually been helped by recent criticism. In addition John D. has acquired some rear-hair in the shape of a wig. Altogether, and despite Miss Tarbell, things are looking up for the kind old gentleman.

AN INVENTION of a California genius makes it possible to hear a fly walk. Perhaps Mr. Bryan has been experimenting with the device. He reports that the Democratic party is "not quiet dead."

PEDRO ALVARADO, the millionaire of Parral, who is anxious to pay Mexico's national debt, should communicate with Leslie M. Shaw, Washington, D. C. Mr. Shaw has a somewhat cumbersome deficit which Pedro might get to work on.



THE MODERN OFFICE BOY.

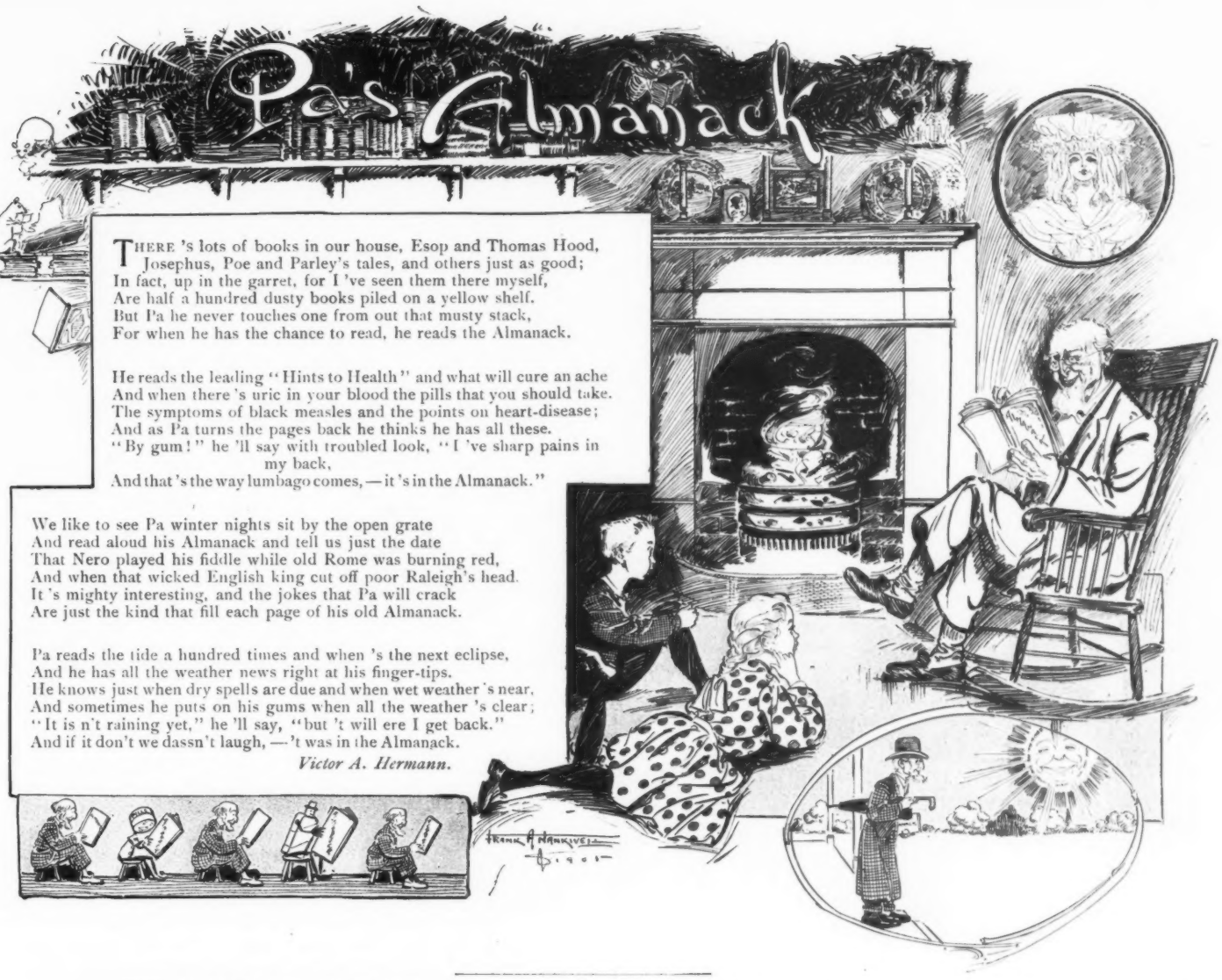
MONDAY.

THE OFFICE BOY.—Here 's the check you requested, Mr. Graughter—three million dollars from my personal account.

SATURDAY.

THE PAY CLERK.—Here 's your little three plunks, Willie; now don't spend it recklessly.

Pa's Almanack



THERE 's lots of books in our house, Esop and Thomas Hood,
Josephus, Poe and Parley's tales, and others just as good;
In fact, up in the garret, for I 've seen them there myself,
Are half a hundred dusty books piled on a yellow shelf.
But Pa he never touches one from out that musty stack,
For when he has the chance to read, he reads the Almanack.

He reads the leading "Hints to Health" and what will cure an ache
And when there 's uric in your blood the pills that you should take.
The symptoms of black measles and the points on heart-disease;
And as Pa turns the pages back he thinks he has all these.
"By gum!" he 'll say with troubled look, "I 've sharp pains in my back,
And that 's the way lumbago comes, — it 's in the Almanack."

We like to see Pa winter nights sit by the open grate
And read aloud his Almanack and tell us just the date
That Nero played his fiddle while old Rome was burning red,
And when that wicked English king cut off poor Raleigh's head.
It 's mighty interesting, and the jokes that Pa will crack
Are just the kind that fill each page of his old Almanack.

Pa reads the tide a hundred times and when 's the next eclipse,
And he has all the weather news right at his finger-tips.
He knows just when dry spells are due and when wet weather 's near,
And sometimes he puts on his gums when all the weather 's clear;
"It is n't raining yet," he 'll say, "but 't will ere I get back."
And if it don't we dassn't laugh, — 't was in the Almanack.

Victor A. Hermann.

THE HALF-BACK AUCTION.

"WHAT AM I offered for this prime New England half-back?" asked the auctioneer briskly of the assembled managers and alumni. "Fresh from his prep. school! A fine line bucker! Follows his interference like a leech! Weight, 170 stripped! Come, now!"

"Free tuition during his whole college course," cried the manager of the Yalevard eleven.

"Free tuition," repeated the auctioneer, "during his whole college course. Do I hear free board? Remember, gentlemen! He has a record of sixty touchdowns in one season. Do I hear it?"

"Free tuition and board for four years," shouted the Princeylvania manager, "and we 'll toss in the college agency for Doper's Cigarettes!"

The auctioneer waved his gavel in preparation for the final bang.

"Tuition, board and an agency," he shouted. "Do I hear free clothes? Remember! Half-backs are scarce! This one is guaranteed for four full years and a post-graduate course. Going at tuition, board and an agency. Going — I am astounded — going, go —"

There was a rustle in the throng. A breathless man burst through.

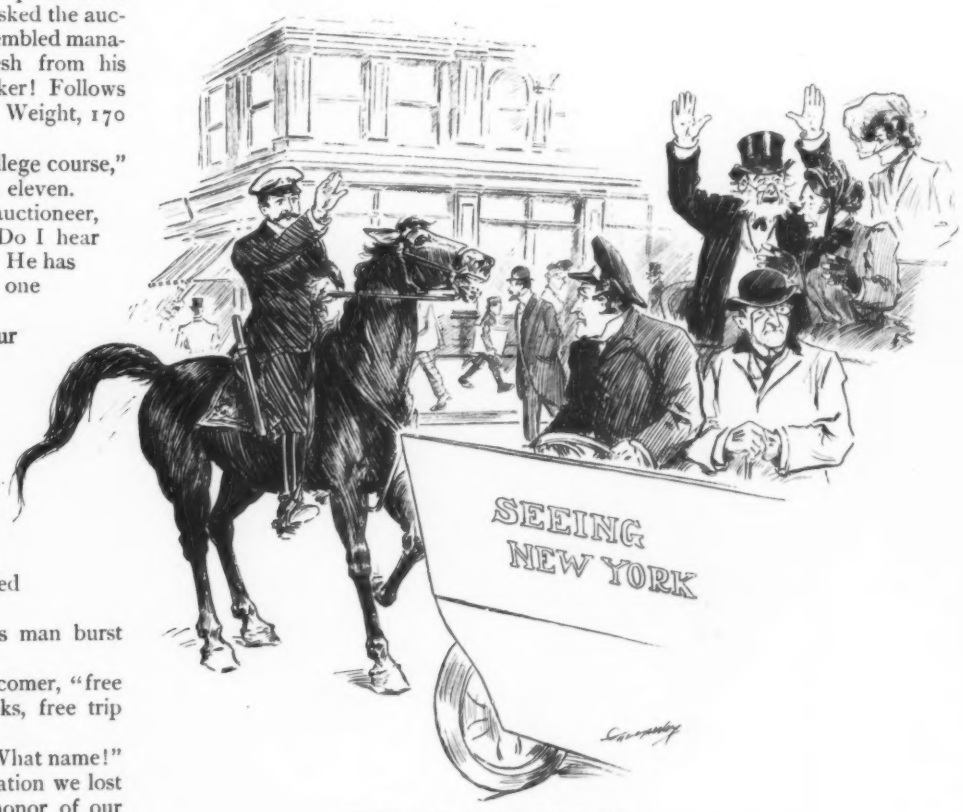
"Free tuition, board, an agency," cried the new comer, "free clothes, rent free in Vandergould Hall, free text books, free trip to —"

"Gone!" shrieked the auctioneer. "He 's yours. What name!"

"Manager Hale University. Last June, by graduation we lost our whole back field and six of the linemen. The honor of our *alma mater* is at stake."

"Report for practice," he said to his purchase, "next Saturday morning in the gym lot."

OTHERS do not know the weight of our burdens, but it is not because we have n't tried to explain them.



THE HOLD-UP SQUAD.

HIRAM HUSKINBY *(excitedly)*. — Throw up yer hands, Samanthy! I heerd tell the Noo York constables wuz all robbers and now, b'gosh, we 're in fer it!

THE YOUNG LIBRARIAN'S GUIDE.

THE Library was not made for man, and man was made to mourn.

The Born librarian is equipt by Nature with a cold Fishy eye and the Ability to be Utterly oblivious to Aught save his Own importance. If nature has Denied you these Boons, seek speedily to Acquire them.

Do not Encourage the People to come too Near. They may have Germs about them.

Avoid giving a Person the book he Asks for. Such Book should Always be Out. The person does not Really know what he Wants, and you can Help to Uplift his Vulgar soul by selecting his Reading for him. Offer him many Other books, discoursing Volubly on their Merits. Do not let him Escape until he has accepted a Lift.

The Objectionable Person who wanders in, Vaguely wishing for Something to Read, and depending on you to get him something Good, should be Sternly and systemically Discouraged. Carefully remove from Sight all Literature and direct him to the Card Catalogue. If he still persists in Annoying you, Turn your cold Fishy Eye on him and hand him a Dictionary, saying truthfully that all Books are contained in it.

Reserve your choicest Efforts for the Party who enters Boldly with notebook and Pencils, knowing Exactly what he Wants, and Prepared to make a Day of it. Follow him Up constantly with Comments, Suggestions, Remarks, Advice, Offers of assistance, Reminiscences, — perhaps a Merry Jest now and Then to Make it Pleasant for him. Endeavor to Draw him Out by judicious Questions, thus giving him a Chance to Be of Use, and So you will make him Happy, and Possibly (tho' it is Not likely) you may Learn something Yourself.

New Books should be kept on remote Shelves where the Light will not Fade the Bindings. If, however, for any Reason it should be More convenient for You to keep Them where People can See them, be Sure to Mix them up so that No two of Any Subject will be anywhere Near each Other. The man who is Looking for the Latest Skits on Electrical engineering will then Be forced to plough his Eye through titles like — *Diseases of the Octopus; Biography of Jehosaphat Judd; How to Tell wild Animals from Tame birds; Report of the commission for the Amelioration of the Condition of Kamschatkan bell-boys*, and Many Many others. Thus will his Mind be Broadened, and the Good Work will go on.

The Born Librarian knows as soon as Born, that New Books should Never be Issued until They have been Read at Leisure by himself, his Friends, his Assistants and their friends, and their Friends' Friend. Refer all angry Applicants to Emerson on the Treatment of Infant books under the Age of one Year.

[See: PDXqzlymbgfz. 989*.*.]

SYMPATHY.

BURGLAR. — Here 's a bill from a Summer hotel!

HIS PAL. — Receipted?

BURGLAR. — Yep!

HIS PAL. — Den we 're too late. Leave a nickel on de bureau fer de poor guy and we 'll skidoo!

A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION.

I.

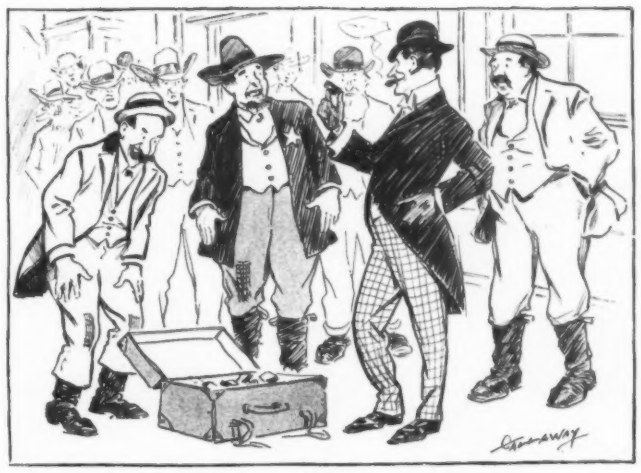
NEW ARRIVAL *(in Perkins Center)*. — Will I get next to this jay town? *Will* I! Just watch me.

II.

NEW ARRIVAL *(on East Main St.)*. — Dead easy! I 'll have the whole place out in ten seconds more.

III.

CONSTABLE HIGBY.—Stop, ye crazy galoot! Gol ram ye, stop!



IV.

NEW ARRIVAL *(to the whole town)*.—Stop? Why, certainly; although when one is wearing Cohenstein's rubber heels, stopping is extremely difficult. Preserve the leather; never give out; next thing to flying; 50 cents a pair!

In conclusion, Remember always the sacred Rights of your Noble calling, and have the Moral courage to Insist on them. An inspiring Story of a French librarian was told by M. Charles Wagner in his lecture at Syracuse, October 11, 1904. "I found the librarian alone," says he, "seated in a comfortable arm-chair, and reading a journal. But it was the delivery hour, and I wanted a book. The official did not reply, and continued to read. Again I spoke"—and then that Shining Light, that finest Type of our Noble craft rose to the Occasion. Bravely facing his Persecutor, he uttered Words that Struck the Key Note of what Should be (and, to do us justice, generally is) the Attitude of all Librarians—"*Sir, you are disturbing the Working Force of the Library!*"

How fine, how true! No further comments are necessary. And these Humble hints cannot better close than by quoting the Historic utterance of another Fearless soul, who, though not a Member of our Profession, showed himself to be in Sympathy with our Principles when he said:

"*The Public be* DAMD!"

M. A. T.

USEFUL.

MRS. KNICKER.—I wonder what to do to improve Johnny's memory.

KNICKER.—Don't try. He will make a grand witness when he grows up.

TWO VIEWPOINTS.

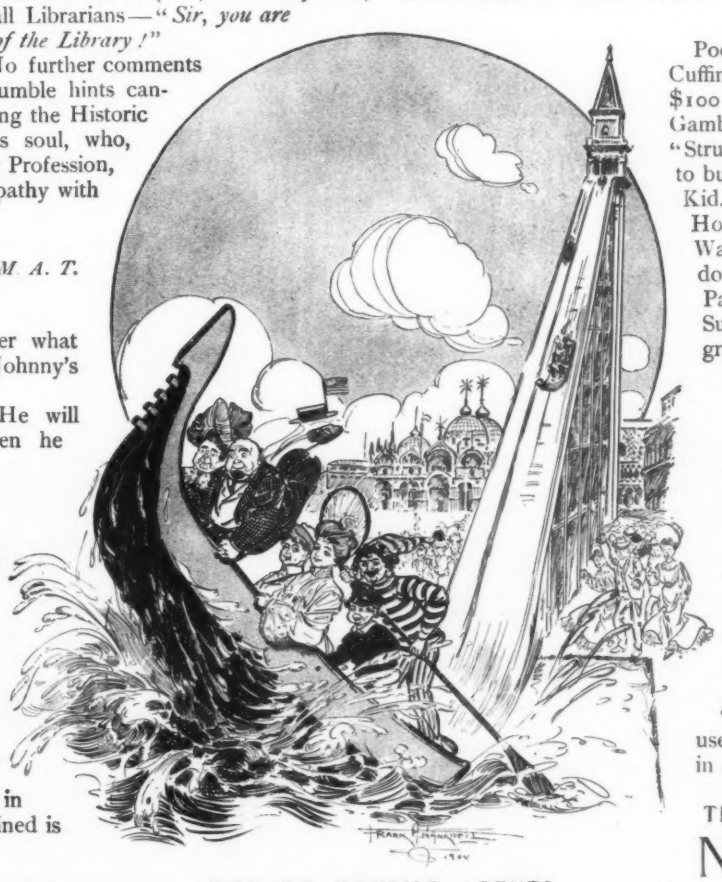
THE GRIZZLED BENEDICT.—I have been happily married for twenty-five years.

THE PORTLY BACHELOR.—And you have missed a hundred years of fun by it.

DON'T be too ostentatiously penitent; people find it hard to sympathize with a bore.

A WELL-SPENT life is one in which the experience gained is worth more than it costs.

THE half that does n't know how the other half lives generally suspects it is on borrowed money.



TIPS TO TOURIST AGENTS.

PERSUADE VENICE, IN REBUILDING THE CAMPANILE, TO PROVIDE AN AMERICAN ANNEX.

CONCENTRATED TALES.

LIFE.

HERE. Christening. Bottles. Hair. Teeth. Creeping. Toddling. Walking. Lisping. Talking. Kindergarten. School. Measles. Mumps. Chicken-pox. College. Debts. Love. Recovery. Work. More work. Mistakes. More mistakes. Success. Failure. More love. Altar. Honeymoon. Trials. Adjustments Kids. Bills. Worries. Years. More years. "Grandpa." Reminiscences. Bed. There.

SOCIETY.

Poor boy. West. Jobs. Knocks. Cuffings. Work. Barkeeper. Waiter. $100 saved. Proprietor. Best girl. Gambler's daughter. Wedding. Mines. "Struck." Ambitions. Polishings. Money to burn. Railroads. Notoriety. Years. Kid. Girl. Names. Governess. Ponies. Horses. Silks. Tutors. Society. East. Waitings. Snubs. Growlings. London. Court. Back. No snubs. Lugs. Palace. Newport. Established. Suitors. Rejections. Rumors. Paragraphs. Gossip. Confirmation. Duke. Repairs.

EVASION.

"WE'VE quit keeping up appearances."

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh, keeping up dis-appearances."

RECKLESSNESS.

"GABBLETON is very fond of criticising his neighbors, is n't he?"

"Yes, he indulges in an extravagant use of projectiles for a person residing in a conservatory."

THE EFFECT IN KENTUCKY.

NORTHERN MAN *(inquisitively)*.—What is the effect of liquor drinking in this region, Colonel?

COLONEL CORKRIGHT *(courteously)*.—We get drunk, suh.

If the Devil quotes Scripture for his purpose nowadays, we can meet him with the higher criticism and knock him out.

BEHIND IN HIS COLLECTIONS.

FARMER SKINNER.—Hiram Huskinby hez had live stock tew the extent uv jest $57.50 killed by autymubbles so far this season.

THE CRAYON-PORTRAIT AGENT.—That 's certainly tough luck.

FARMER SKINNER.—Nuthin' else! Why, yew won't find another farmer in this here hull county who 's collected less 'n a *hundred* dollars frum them darn reckless, plutycratic, graspin' shuffers!

HYPNERTIZED.

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey of Denver has announced that he intends to engage the services of hypnotists to assist in reforming culprits arraigned in the juvenile court.—*News Item.*

I USE' t' be de toughes' kid
(I 'm 'shamed t' say) on Bernal Heights.
'F you knew half de tings I did
I 'll bet y 'd be supprised;
B't now I 'm tryin' t' be good
'Nd never git in no more fights
Er steal or 'sturb th' neighborhood,
'Cause I 've b'n hypnertised.

No more bad comp'ny fer me—
I 've jined a class 't Sunday school
'Nd stay home nights 'nd try t' be
'S nice 's Willie Meeps.
I wash my face tree times a day,
Like him, 'nd 'serve th' golden rule
W'en me 'nd him 'nd Johnny Bray
Plays knuckle down fer keeps.

You 'd tought a fit tuk hold o' Maw
When I said Yes 'm, Please 'nd Thanks
Th' day 't I reformed, 'nd Paw
Jes' looked 't me ermazed.
Fat Tim, th' copper on our beat,
B'lieves I 'm up t' sum new pranks,
'Nd all th' folks along th' street
Eye me like dey 's dazed.

Seems funny now t' me 't I
C'd ever b'n so drefful bad
'S t' chaw terbac 'nd steal 'nd lie
'Nd git myse'f d'spised.
I 'm goin' t' study hard 'nd grow
T' be a carp'nter like dad—
Ain't many fellers gits th' show
O' bein' hypnertised.

Edmund Stover.

TRICKERY SUSPECTED.

THE NEW COOK *(suspiciously)*.—Are yez sure I never wur-rked f'r yez before?

MRS. SUBTON *(nervously)*.—I—I—I don't think so, Miss Hogan;—but my memory is rather poor.

THE NEW COOK.—So 's me own; but iv I find I 've been brought here under false pritinces it won't be well f'r yez, mind that!

SOME people seem to enjoy nothing so much as being awed by what they read in the newspapers.

ALREADY ENLIGHTENED.

THE INSURANCE AGENT.—In two minutes, sir, I can convince you that the insurance you 're carrying is costing you too much money.

THE VICTIM *(in disgust)*.—Get out! I thought you were going to convince me it was *not* costing me too much!

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

JACK.—I met Gertie Gabaway, last evening, and had quite a chat.

MADGE.—With, or from, her?

RUNNING NO CHANCES.

SECRETARY *(A. D. 1915)*.—Among the one hundred and four requests for jails, in this morning's mail, is one from your native town.

THE CAPITALIST-PHILANTHROPIST *(nervously)*.—Jolly 'em along to the effect that I don't believe in that sort of charity beginning at home and give them a library and an art gallery.

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

DOCTOR CUTLER.—So you made a wrong diagnosis in the case of that patient?

DOCTOR MCSAWLEY.—Yes; I thought he was an ordinary business man, but he turned out to be a millionaire.

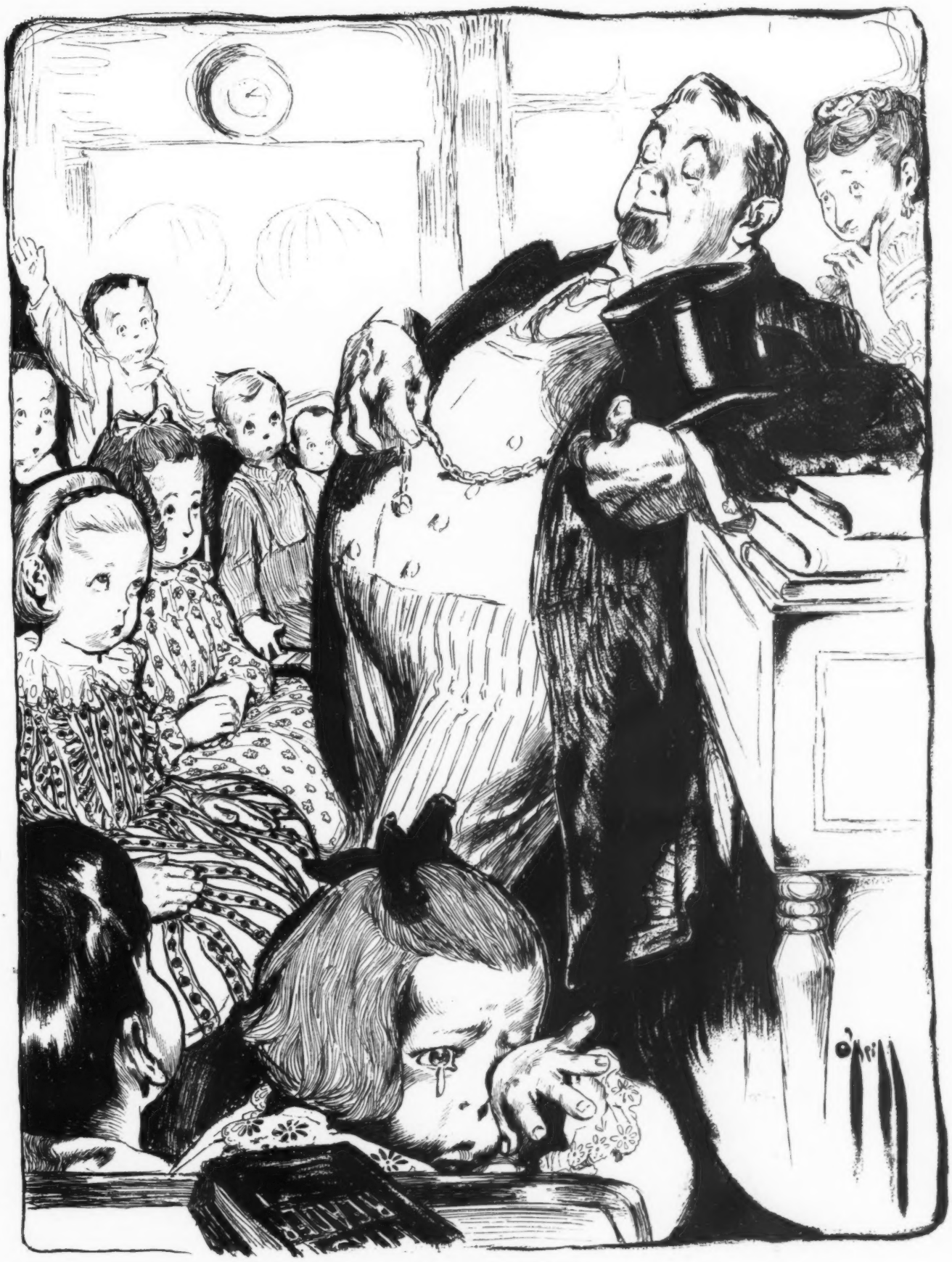
SOME of our problems will solve themselves, but they will give us a great deal more trouble than if we solved them.

A FUTURE UNFORTUNATE.

ONE AIR-TOURIST.—Poor Sallow! The trip does n't seem to do him any good.

HIS COMPANION.—No; he told me it was no change for him whatever. His office at home is on the eighty-seventh story.

The man or woman who can merely say insulting things is no match for the man or woman who can be insultingly silent.

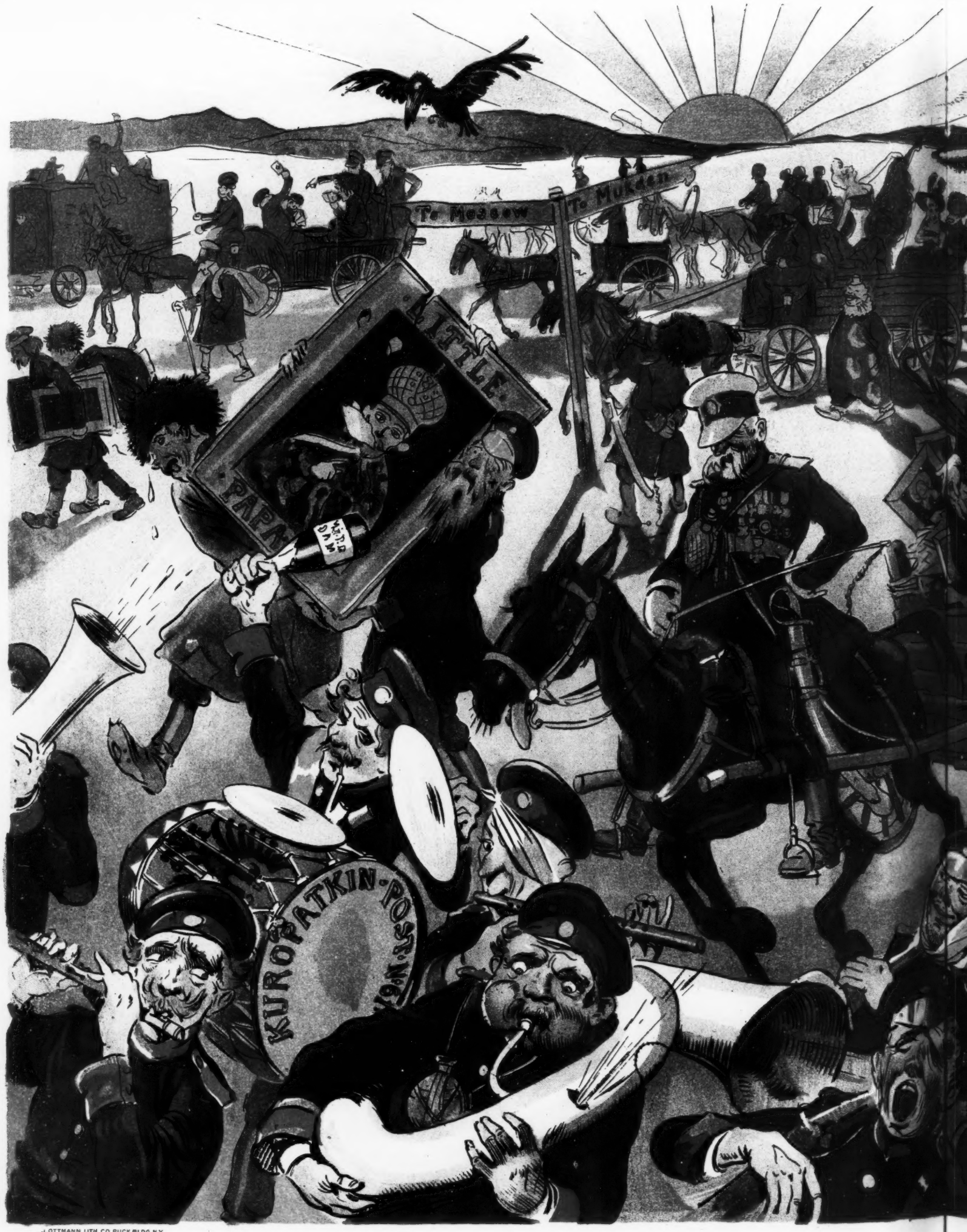


THE MAIN POINT.

"Now, my—ah—dear young friends," sonorously began the Hon. Thomas Rott, member of the legislature, addressing the scholars, to whom he had been invited by their loving teacher to say a few well-chosen words, upon the occasion of his visit to the village school; "ambition, coupled with untiring endeavor, will accomplish great things! The mind that is always hopeful, confident and courageous, that is fully determined on its set purpose, and keeps steadily to its purpose, attracts from its surroundings circumstances and opportunities favorable to that purpose—I trust you follow me? To give you a homely little illustration of what ambition will do when properly directed: It was always my ambition to attain eminence; I was born of poor but honest parents, and spent my earlier years on a farm, growing up, as you might say, almost between two hills of corn; and now—But, first, is there a child here who would like to ask me a question—a question which perhaps has long lain dormant down deep in his heart, now to be aroused by my remarks; an inquiry the answer to which may possibly be of great value to him? Ah! That bright-eyed little lad there, who is gazing so eagerly up at me—my boy, is there anything you wish to ask?"

"Yape!" returned the bright-eyed one, promptly. "It 's your lower jaw that moves most all the time, ain't it?"

Tom P. Morgan.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"HOME, SWEET

IE, SWEET HOMESKI!"

THE RETURNED EXPLORER.

"No; we did not find the Pole," replied the Returned Explorer, "but we brought back data of great scientific value, which will result in a new map of the polar region. For example, in latitude 83° 9′ we discovered a large cake of ice hitherto uncharted and a colony of penguins unnoted by previous explorers."

"Surveying was, of course, a feature of your expedition."

"The principal feature, yes. We surveyed everything in sight from Blubber Inlet to Hellangone, ascertaining many facts of scientific value Among other important items, we found that Grinnell Strait is really a mountain, while Cape Peary is not a cape at all, but an island. I am sorry about Cape Peary; it looked well on the map."

"How do you account for the metamorphosis?"

"I have an idea," said the Returned Explorer thoughtfully, "that a part of the promontory melted during an infrequent hot spell."

"Does your survey exhibit any other changes?"

"So many that, as I say, a new chart of the region is a necessity. A number of channels on the present map have become tablelands, and Whale Island has floated several hundred miles from its position in 1888. I shall recommend that this important island be securely anchored, for, apart from its enormous scientific value, it contains valuable deposits of cracked ice, suitable for saloon and other purposes; I should say there is a ten years' supply. Also, I might mention a natural subway, excavated by polar bears, running from Lost Toe Sound to Frozen Pup Bay. This might be transported in sections to New York or other large city. I don't think the bears or science would especially miss it."

"Did your botanical department accomplish as much as expected?"

"More, if anything, although here, too, we suffered slight disappointment. In November of 1903 Prof. Gentian discovered a new variety of frost flower on the window of the *Cockleshell's* cabin, and pressed a number of specimens. It was his intention to present these to the Smithsonian Institution, but while we were returning south they mysteriously disappeared. It is possible that they melted. I regret this exceedingly, as the loss to science is incalculable."

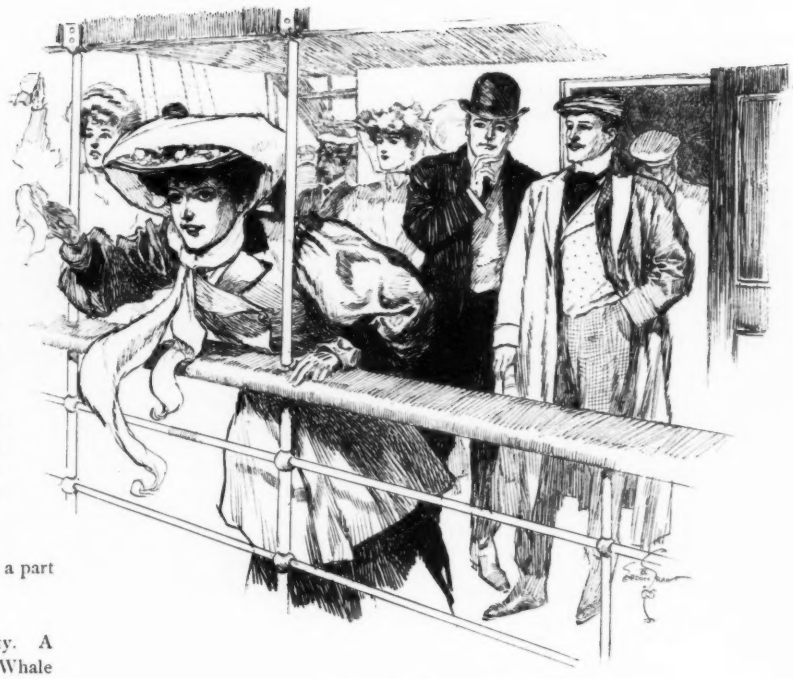
"Do you believe that the Pole will yet be reached?"

"With patience, yes. Of course a dash for the Pole is out of the question in the present state of the country south of the Pole. The first thing to do, as I point out in my lecture for 1905–1906, is to level the country for, say, 800 miles. It will then be possible for the sledges to make five or even six miles a day, provided the weather is favorable, as it is every fifteen or twenty years."

"Socially the expedition was, I am told, a success."

The eye of the Returned Explorer lighted with enthusiasm. "I have never known so complete a social success," he replied. "Why, at present no two members of the party are on speaking terms."

B. L. T.



THE BEST WAY.

SEEORF.—Did your wife do anything to prevent seasickness?

TOPDECK.—Yes; she declined with thanks the preventatives that all our friends recommended.

SCIENCE.

EDYTHE SEASERPENT.—Is Man really extinct, Grandma?

GRANDMOTHER SEASERPENT.—We think so, my child; in fact, our scientists are now of the opinion that Man was *never* more than a creature of fable.

GOOD RIDDANCE.

No more the hired girl despairs
To keep the kitchen neat.
The nasty ice-man now has gone
Who never wiped his feet.

A SURE SIGN.

"Is the music in Perkins' new opera catchy?"

"My, yes. Most of it has been whistled for twenty years past."

CORNERED.

SAMANTHY WAYBACK *(first time in city park)*.—Jest look what that there sign sez, Uriah,—"Keep off the Grass!" What in the world wuz that ever put there fer?

URIAH WAYBACK *(who reads the weekly paper)*.—Why, I s'pose it 's jest another little corner maniperlated by John D. Rockefeller!

COLOR.

"The heroine of this story is absolutely colorless."

"What do you mean by colorless?"

"Well, she loves her husband and has no talent for epigram."

REPARTEE.

MOSE PERSIMMONS.—Fo' two cents Ah 'd nail yo'!

PETE POSSUM.—Yo' would n' dare, nigger! Yo' don't belong to de carpenter's union!

THE FATAL HABIT OF TELLING THE TRUTH.

THE PUBLICATION of so many posthumous confessions seems to have effectually expelled the delusion that dead men tell no tales.

Some one among them discovered that after one is dead, telling the truth was not only perfectly safe but drew large royalties. Thus the habit has begun. And then some original soul among the living conceived the idea that if dead men could make such a good thing telling the truth, why not the living also? The consequence is that the Truth from being the exclusive privilege of those who have gone before, has advanced to the present; and the tendency to tell it is still growing.

How shall we suppress this tendency? That is the great question before us.

As a novelty it has undoubtedly had a wide success, turning the heads of its advocates until, if they be allowed to continue, the world will soon be unendurable.

At the same time, it must not be thought that the case is altogether hopeless. We have the newspapers, the theologians and the historical novelists still with us.

At the present moment we are not able to state where the idea of telling the truth as a source of profit first originated.

We can not believe that the Confessions of Solomon or St. Augustine were best sellers. We know that Gallileo had to conceal his facts as best he could under the guise of fiction. Perhaps Rousseau was responsible. At any rate, truth telling to-day has become in popular a parlance, a "graft." Whole families are being supported by it. It is rapidly degenerating into a trade and there is no telling to what fatal results it will lead us.

In this country we were comparatively happy and unconcerned until there arose "in our midst" a lot of pernicious truth tellers; now we know to a certainty that every city is in the hands of thieves, that the government at Washington is rotten to the core; that the Trusts are gnawing at our vitals; and there is no peace left in us.

We know that our society leaders outsnob those of any other country on the globe; that they are silly, vulgar and at their wits' end to find something to do. We know that our labor leaders are either fakirs or dipsomaniacs; we know how our literature is being penned; not by inspired beings in "a fine frenzy rolling," but by calm stately business men, who dress in style, move about in automobiles and have office hours in which they dictate their chapters to a secretary.

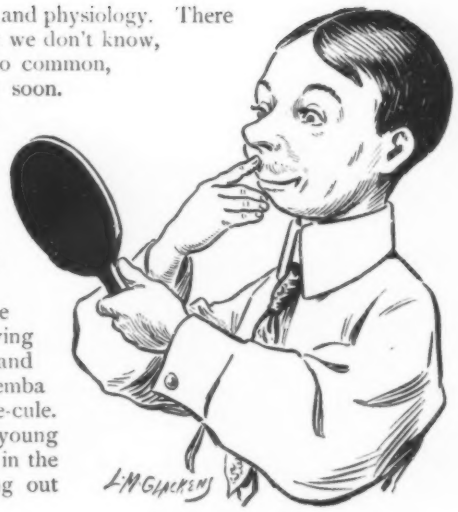
We know also the truth about our homes; that love is a species of neurosis; that the average husband and wife are incapable of living together more than ten years, so that no young girl in these days should permit herself to indulge in foolish romantic fancies. We know that babies are not to be coddled, but incubated, and the soul is merely a question of hygiene and physiology. There are, of course, a few things yet that we don't know, but as Truth Telling it is getting so common, no doubt we shall be enlightened soon.

We don't know where we are going, but that is only because Religion and Science have not as yet finished their consultation. To-morrow noon maybe, or at the latest one P. M. the diagnosis will be complete, and the cat out of the bag.

We don't know either where we came from, the monkeys as yet having only been traced back to jelly fish and the jelly fish to the œmba and the œmba to the atom and the atom to the mole-cule. But the Chicago University is still young and a few more judicious increases in the salaries of the professors will bring out the facts.

In the meantime, fairies and hobgoblins have disappeared; moonings, croonings and spoonings are going out; childhood is passé. Faith is cerebral. Hope is an antinomy. Charity is an endowment fund. Only the Truth remains. And when it finally crushes us to the earth, shall we ever rise again?

Tom Masson.



FOOT-BALL TERM.

FIRST DOWN.

HOW THE IDEA CAME.

"DO YOU know who wrote the first dictionary?"

"I do not; but I have no doubt it was some man who had a four-year old boy clamoring for definitions."

BEYOND HIM.

CASEY.—Oi hear yer wife has twins agin, Pat. How many childer does thot mek?

MURTAGH.—Dom'd if Oi know; *Oi 'm* no addin' machane!

The public has n't any heart to speak of, but it has a big roomy eye.

ONE PER RIDE.

"What 's this coupon?" asked the man who had just rented the automobile.

"Why," replied the proprietor, "that 's the accident policy that goes with the machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN a preacher falls in love with a girl who crochets on Sunday, there is great indignation in the church, and the women debate if it is n't Some One's duty to tell him. — *Atchison Globe.*

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RED TOP RYE

It's up to YOU

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"I read him in an edition that has no explanatory foot notes."

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

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Sole Agents for United States.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

LENGTH OF HONEYMOON.

HE.—How long will our honeymoon last, love?

SHE.—How much money have you got dear?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE fat woman looks at the plump girl with friendly sympathy. She knows what she is coming to.—*Somerville Journal.*

RUSSIA has learned that a modern battleship in the hands of adult children in blue jackets is as dangerous a toy as a cannon firecracker in the hands of a small boy.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THERE is always someone in a neighborhood upon whom falls all the disagreeable tasks, such as breaking bad news, etc., and she is n't usually a society leader, either.—*Atchison Globe.*

NOW a Detroit doctor rises to remark that the scarcity of babies in this city is due to immorality. Of course, she did not divulge the source of her information. That was not to be expected. Possibly she is right, but for ourselves we prefer to attribute the decline, if there is one, to some other cause. For example, the stork may have got his route sheet mixed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio—adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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AN AUTHORITY.

"The fellow that says a barking dog never bites," remarked the busy flea, as he changed his position on the canine's back, "doesn't know what he's talking about!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DOES N'T STICK TO IT.

MARRYAT.—Whenever my wife says she wants a little money she sticks to it until she gets it.

PLODDER.—I wish my wife did. When my wife says she wants a little money it turns out to be a great deal before she 's through. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A MAN has made great progress when he has learned that some of the people who don't agree with all his opinions may, after all, be partly right. —*Somerville Journal.*

IF RUSSIA had as good fighters in Manchuria as at Portsmouth the result might have been different.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WOMEN do not take kindly to the telephone; when using it they have to listen half the time.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A KANSAS paper says that the scarcity of hired girls is due to the fact that the girls make more money by writing stories. That must be what is the matter with the popular magazines.—*Indianapolis News.*

Under the Machine.

Redd.—Were you at the chauffeurs' dinner?

Greene.—Yes; it was great. They had the table made to look exactly like an automobile.

"Is that right?"

"And say, that 's not all that made it look realistic! Why, a lot of the chauffeurs were under the table."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Now let us see whether the sugar trust officials can keep sweet when the government gets to prodding them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Notice carefully, and you will find that the man you like to talk with best always talks with you about your affairs, and not about his own.—*Somerville Journal.*

With a tombstone epitaph the trouble is that it comes too late in the game to enable a man to borrow money on the strength of it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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These cigars are acknowledged as the *STANDARD BRANDS* of *Imported HAVANA* cigars everywhere the world over.

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CABAÑAS	DON QUIXOTE	FLOR DE YNCLAN	ROSA DE SANTIAGO
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It takes a genius to get ten cents'-worth of satisfaction out of a five-cent cigar.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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"Certainly, Madame; Furniture or pads?"

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

Just a Tip.

The barber's itch has touched me many a time,
But never has it done me any harm.
To cure it I have but to pay a dime—
The barber's itch is mostly in his palm.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

No Response.

"Didn't that patient respond to your treatment?" asked the doctor's wife.

"Not yet," replied the physician; "and I 've sent him three bills?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Most people are opposed to everything of doubtful propriety that can not be concealed.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Fashion's decree is that the straight-front corset must go. Oh, well, it 's not a subject on which mere man is competent to speak, anyway.—*Indianapolis News.*

But the rank outsider in a race often has the inside track.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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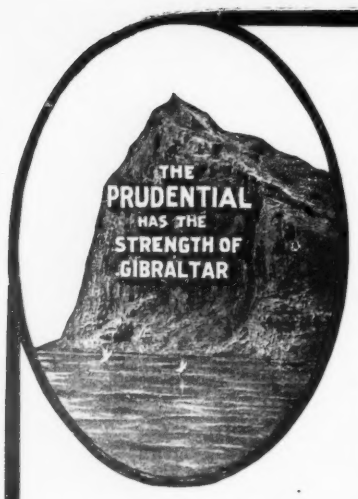

Another Week Gone!

and the little family in your cheerful home is still unprotected from the trials of financial stress if you should be suddenly taken away.

Save them that trial. Save a little money which now goes for incidentals, and let it build a barrier wall against the attacks of want, when such protection is most needed.

The Prudential

can help you build that wall. It is no idle catch phrase that has inseparably linked the Prudential name with the rock of Gibraltar. It *has* the strength of Gibraltar, and you may well use its resources, its solidity, its liberal terms of insurance to safeguard the financial welfare of your family.

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HOME OFFICE
Newark, N. J.

BACK NUMBERS.

Oliver Cromwell was observed to be sympathizing with Napoleon.

"What was it all about?" asked William the Conqueror.

"Why," replied Cromwell, "I was just telling our friend Bony about the number of new heroes and adventurers that are flocking the earth and what a slim chance we have of getting in the magazines again.—*Chicago Daily News.*

GIVING HIM SATISFACTION.

The belligerent Frenchman had called upon the editor.

"Sir," he said, "you must either fight me, or else print my denunciation of your dastardly conduct."

The editor nodded.

"I 'm a printer, not a fighter," he said.

And the next day the denunciatory article appeared under the head of "Modern French Humor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WITH some men swearing off is a continuous performance.—*Chicago Daily News.*

GETTYSBURG AND WASHINGTON.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The battlefield of Gettysburg, and the National Capitol are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them, especially in the cool Fall days. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaining stay at Washington.

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FARTHEST NORTH.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, have you ever made lobster à la Newburgh?

BRIDGET.—No, Mum; I niver worruked farther up th' Hoodson than Nyack.

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

Why?
The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned.
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Evans' Ale

119 Years of Purity Progress Popularity

STRICTLY TRUE.

"Are you sure that is an orphan asylum across the way?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"Certainly," answered the native.

"But a policeman just told me it was an old ladies' home," protested the stranger.

"Well, that's all right," rejoined the native. "Every old lady in it is an orphan."—*Chicago Daily News.*

DAILY MOTTO.

A little jolly now and then
Is relished by the best of men.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

WILLING TO DOUBLE UP.

"You are certainly a most singular girl," said the young man.

"Well," she replied, "it's not my fault, I assure you." — *Chicago Daily News.*

"DE every-day man dat pays his rent reg'lar," said Uncle Eben, "don't git near de credit dat 's comin' to him foh bein' a financier." — *Washington Star.*

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Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

The vigor of the malt and the vim of the hops.

PREPARATION.

"Is your son going back to college?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I 'm going to give him another term. He ain't athletic enough yet to do a full day's work in harvest time."—*Washington Star.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

OUT OF IT.

JIMMY.—De personal says, "Will de gentleman wear a red rose on his lapel." Gee! Dat let's me out.

PETEY.—Why! Ain't yer got no rose!

JIMMY.—Sure, but I ain't got no lapel.

THE GAME AT HOME.

Rose a clamor from the woodshed,
Rushed a frantic mother there;
Came a father forth explaining:
"I have merely fanned the heir!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

FOUND OUT.

HE.—I always say just what I think.

SHE.—I have often wondered why you were so quiet. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

WOODBURY'S SOAP CREAM POWDER DENTAL CR. FOR THE FACE

Reading the directions for using Woodbury's Facial Soap is the first step toward reading your title clear to a fair wholesome complexion.

Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.

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Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

AFTER some wives have had the last word they sit down and cry over it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT is curious that so many men find it easier to be generous down town than at home.—*Indianapolis News.*

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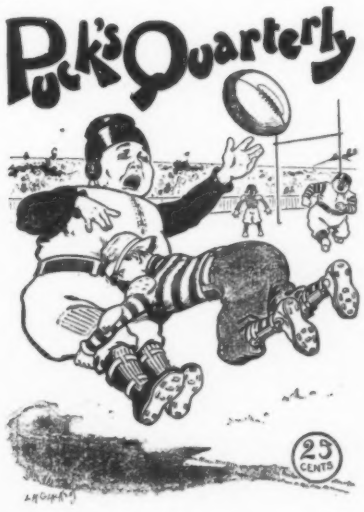

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BEFORE THE ROAD RACE.

THE PROMOTER.—Now, boys, you 're aware that this is the first day of a three-day meet, so if you want to hold your jobs you 've got to deliver the goods. Remember that all accidents have *got* to happen in front of the grand stand, and the first geezer who smashes through the fence or does a high dive anywhere else, has got to stand for all damages! If you don't want to get back to the bicycle department, a word to the wise is sufficient and no excuses go with *me!*